

### III: Abstract Woman

Abstract? Abstract?!  
How dare they call me  
Abstract.

Abstract  
is lines  
is colours  
strewn about the page  
like bedsheets after a one night stand.

Abstract  
is relative.  
I am not  
Abstract.

I am woman.  
I am the sun and the moon.  
I am hot coffee on a cold morning.  
I am the winds blowing across mountains.  
I am a hurricane.  
I am strength and  
I am life.

Out of me,  
the world was born.

Abstract?

I am anything but.

*Courtney Menzies*